

LITERATURE

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW

FROM SUN TO SUN.

The heart turns back as years roll by,
Love narrows as the world grows wide,
And at each Christmas-season I
Dream of an earlier Christmas-tide,
Mother and Child's sweet festival!
Across the miles of driven snow
That wrap the vanished days, I call
The mother whom we used to know.

For, surely, of all fates, the best
Were those when, watched so tenderly,
You were a baby at her breast
And I a child beside her knee;
Were those when, at the death of day,
We heard the story simply told
Which, though the whole broad earth grow gray,
Can nevermore for us grow old.

And so it seems that, when the night
Falls on our calm last Christmas eve,
The faith she gave us for our light
Will no more cheat us or deceive:
But that, as morning breaks more fair
And life's last gift is sacrificed
The mother's smile will greet us there
To keep the Festival of Christ.

—Reginald Wright Kaufman, in December Deliberator.

NOTES

Of the difficulty with which celebrities escape the lure of the Woman's club lecture committee, Madison Cawein, the Kentucky poet, whose works are being brought out in a five-volume limited edition de luxe by mail, Maynard & Co., tells a good story at the expense of Percy Mackaye, the playwright. The chairman of the committee of a Chicago woman's club about a year ago wrote to Mr. Mackaye, asking him to lecture before the members. The proposal was startling to the dramatist, who consulted a friend as to graceful modes of declination. "The most business-like way," said this friend, who happened to be an editor, "is to put your price so high that they won't be able to accept. Make it \$500 a lecture." Mr. Mackaye wrote a proposition to that effect only to receive a telegram, "Come at once." He went, delivered, as best he could, two lectures, and thereupon had to entertain a proposition for three more. As Mr. Cawein observes, "It is hard to get ahead of the good women who alone make art and literature possible in this country."

"The Witching Hour" is not midnight after all, if we are to believe Augustus Thomas, whose novel from his play the Harpers have just published. It is 2 o'clock in the morning. In both play and novel the hour that the clock strikes is 2, and 2 it is also in the little stanza from Bret Harte which is set to the lips of the stately old judge as he muses on his first boyish sweetheart: "And ever since then, when the clock strikes two, She walks unbidden from room to room. And the air is filled that she passes through With a subtle, sad perfume. The delicate odor of mignonette, Is all that tells of her story—yet Could she think of a sweeter way?"

Even an editor may sometimes be moved to enthusiasm as witness the following letter which the publishers of Zona Gale's "Friendship Village" have just received from the editor of a prominent weekly journal: "I have just finished reading one of your recent publications, 'Friendship Village,' by Zona Gale, and cannot refrain from telling you how charmed and delighted I have been with it. Its humor, its pathos, its tender pathos, its deep look into the inner things of life, its depicting of the good 'home people,' its utter wholesomeness, I have not read anything that has done so much for me in years. I have already given my order for several copies to be used about Christmas time, but I am afraid I will have to go back for more. I hope the book will have very wide circulation. Unlike so much of the fiction of today, it leaves a good taste in one's mouth."

If women really are, as they are said to be, the greatest readers of stories that describe illicit love, they ought to be diverted by the case for Gilbert Noel, a Harper novel of the "triangle" order, which an opposing member of the sex presents with a kind of fierce naivete. "We cannot," says this lady in the current Independent, "deny that it is one of Mr. Harbert's best stories. The characters in it are as real as the earth. And the moral in the tale is as homely as righteousness usually is when it has been bred in the simple hearts of a few decent but unfashionable folk. Yet it is impossible to give the reader the most interesting features of the story, because they are so soundlessly improper. If the author had clothed them with the moral philosophy used by the most advanced writers of indecent fiction, we might have managed to discuss the delicate details of the sin in the story, but he has written it all out with a kind of startling simplicity, as if he had just seen right and wrong turned out of the Garden of Eden without

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS.



A PAIR OF ONCE NOTED PIONEERS.

W. T. Eubank and C. R. Barratt are shown in the accompanying photograph. Mr. Eubank is now engaged in mining in Nevada and for many years was a conspicuous figure in Utah. He was a pony express rider, overland freighter and stage driver by special contract with President Brigham Young. He was a recent visitor in this city. Mr. Barratt is remembered as postmaster of this city for many years, and was a brother of Capt. "Milt" Barratt, whose death occurred recently in this city.

dian—may be pronounced a very unusual piece of fiction for boy readers. Wabigoon, the principal character in the story, is the son of a Scotch factor and an Indian princess, who live at Wabigoon House, a post deep in the wilderness of Lake Nipigon.

His adventures are frequently thrilling, always absorbingly interesting, never unwholesome, and with that wonderful setting described so vividly that the reader will never forget it, make up an unusually fine story.

The story is well proportioned, not too long, and the interest is sustained to the very end. There is even a hint of a sequel, and every boy reader, and most adults, would like to know how Wabigoon was punished, and if Rod ever found his gold mine and married Minnetaki.

A Little Maid in Toyland, by Adah Louise Sutton, pictured by A. Russell. Whenever Adah Louise Sutton sends out a new book, thousands of youthful hearts yearn for just a peep at the treasures between its two covers, and this year their highest hopes will be fulfilled.

Sally, the heroine, is the Little Maid, who delights in furnishing a most ravishing doll's house. One day when the work is nearly finished, even the doll gets being equipped with a cradle, spinning-wheel, and drying herbs. Sally views the kitchen, her chief delight. In the refrigerator is a most delectable looking piece of cake, and a tiny piece of it goes into Sally's mouth. She shrinks and shrinks way down to doll size, and becomes a member of the doll household.

The illustrations are from the pen of A. Russell, the well known illustrator, who gives six full pages done in colors, and scores of black and white drawings to the book. Bound in boards, cover in colors, quart, \$1, belonging to and uniform with the Billy Whiskers series. The Sandfield Publishing company, Akron, Ohio.

Toodles of Treasure Town and her Snowman, by Frederick Chapin, drawings by Merle Johnson. A most delightful story, given a beautiful cover, that describes the present volume.

Toodles herself hails from Florida and the first glimpse we have of her is as she steps into a fairy craft called the Magic Globe, of which a queer little fellow named Pedro is pilot. Together they fashion a snowman, and he comes to life to brighten the tale with his inexhaustible humor. Their destination is Treasure Town, the Land of Good Deeds and Riches, but en route they are unfortunate in being captured by the Baron-Scarecrows. After many adventures, they escape by a ruse and make a triumphant entry into Treasure Town. Toodles is welcomed royally by the queen and when she starts on her return journey bears Wealth and Good Health as gifts to her father. Merle Johnson's illustrations deserve special and particular mention. He has given the book 43 pages in colors, and more than 150 black and white drawings, which tell the story by picture as graphically as it is told in words. Large quarto, 217 pages, illustrations in colors, cloth, \$1.50. The Sandfield Publishing company, Akron, Ohio.

"By the Christmas Fire," by Samuel M. Crothers, author of "Gentle Reader," "The Pardoner's Tale," etc., is a Christmas book of most unusual quality and attractiveness. Dr. Crothers, whose position as the foremost of American essayists is now undisputed, has his best in this volume, which is a feast of ideal, inspiring papers. He writes of Christmas and the literature of disillusion, of Christmas and the democratic spirit, and of other allied topics, with a delicate suggestiveness and imaginative charm that will give pleasant and memorable hours to many readers. Like Dickens in his "Christ-

mas Carol," Dr. Crothers has imbued this little book with a spirit of happiness, and these essays have been said to be among the best he has ever written. The volume is furnished with attractive full-page pen-and-ink illustrations and chapter headings by Francis B. Comstock, and is bound in red cloth with design in blind stamping and gold lettering.—Houghton Mifflin Company, 4 Park St., Boston; 85 Fifth Ave., New York.

Our Inland Sea

With a Story of a Homestead

Some years ago, Mr. Alfred Lambourne, the well known author and artist, went to Gunnison island, homesteaded a tract of land, built a cabin and lived there through nearly a year's time, and the result of his observations and experiences is a volume of the lonely place. In this time of lonely living and meditation, he gathered a number of realistic impressions that he has now put into a volume of mingled print and pictures, the literary work being his own and the pictures by James T. Harwood, whose labor, as Mr. Lambourne says, has been one of love. The story comprises chapters of vivid impressions of the wonderful inland sea at Utah's western border; the drawings are an accompaniment to the author's relative and song, the whole making a very beautiful harmony.

Mr. Harwood's work is mostly in the nature of vignettes, to be used for the beginning and endings of chapters, and are in purpose symbolisms of the meaning of the author's theme, their treatment ranging from true grace to the terribly grotesque. There are 21 of these symbolic drawings, the most striking and dramatic being a representation of Time and Death, a great pair of raven's wings overshadowing a human figure and a serpent half coiled, and with a wonderful expression of life and intensity. There are other beautiful sketches, showing grace and poetry of thought, notably "The Flight of the Butterflies" and "Blazing Lags," the last a marvel of realism, with the flame and crackle and cheer of a great hearth fire depicted in the black lines.

Two idyllic pictures are the "Flight of the Wild Swan," and "Boat at Rest," the latter a yacht at anchor near one of the bluffs of the island. Besides these are larger drawings used as illustrations throughout the book. They comprise 17 scenes on the island, and also two lakes of the Wasatch mountains. The first of these, "Springtime on the Heights," shows a glimpse of one of the "Twain Lakes," with the cliffs rising precipitously all around, and a tangle of wild flowers in the foreground. With unmistakable atmosphere of awakening spring in every line, "Moonlight at Lake Lelan," is another exquisite suggestive piece, taken from the mountains. "The Silent, Improbable Days," is the title of a drawing in which all the loneliness of uninhabited desert and sea strive for utterance. Another definite impression of this brooding atmosphere is "Desolate Shores Edging Utah's Dead Sea," and "The Light of the Inland Sea," which is a most tangible, but ever present spirit of loneliness. A "Storm" as viewed from the foot of North Cliff, is a marvelous effect of boisterous wind and rolling waves, with spray tossed cliffs all brought out in line work and especially difficult and excellent.

The artist in fact has interpreted in visible form the spirit expressed in the author's story, and the book promises to be a lasting local feature of historic worth.

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE DEAL.

Our London Literary Letter.

Special Correspondence. LONDON, Nov. 25.—Here is first news of a big magazine deal that is of especial interest in America.

A good many of the English magazines and reviews that have no American editions have been experimenting at odd times with schemes for selling the right to use their articles in America to American publishers. But

nothing much ever came of it on account of copyright difficulties, and the consequence was that any American editor who was so disposed could crib what he liked from English periodicals without paying a cent for it. That wouldn't have hurt the feelings of the English editors so much as if they had been able to return the compliment. But unfortunately for them the English copyright laws are such that the American editor can easily copyright the contents of his magazine in England without expense, whereas it is almost impossible for the English editor to copyright his material in America without a heavy cost.

Furthermore, enterprising Americans over here acting in behalf of the American editors, sell great quantities of articles from American magazines to the English editors. The total of such sales have increased from month to month in the past year until there is now quite a steady tide of English money going across the Atlantic, and some of the English magazines have become about half American.

AMERICANS GET RIGHTS.

Last month, however, an American firm having its headquarters in London, got contracts from practically all of the leading English magazines, including three haughty reviews, for the ex-

clusive control of the American rights of whatever these magazines might contain that would be of interest to American readers. The copyright difficulty is surmounted by an arrangement by which proofs of the English articles are to be sent over to the United States well in advance of English publication, enabling the American purchasers to put them in type and secure copyright on the day of publication in England, as required by American law.

The scheme is already in operation, I hear, and a great mass of English magazine material has gone over to New York for sifting and for distribution of the best of it among appropriate editors. Much of it is bound to find its way to the waste basket, as being either too English, or not good enough, but there is likely to be a residue sufficient to make a considerable difference presently in the complexion of the American magazines, especially in the direction of literary articles and non-fiction matter generally—for outside of a few English writers like Mary Cholmondeley, H. G. Wells, and Maurice Hewlett it is generally admitted that English short-story producers, since Kipling's day, have been by no means up to the general American level.

EFFECT OF SCHEME.

If the new scheme grows to be as big as the plan for selling American magazine material here has been, it will doubtless affect American magazine writers, for the English stuff doubtless will be sold at comparatively low rates. But perhaps that is only fair, for the piece-meal sale of American magazine contents here at low rates has certainly cut down the market for English authors—especially for the minor ones—and has correspondingly benefited the transatlantic writers, either directly or indirectly.

This new development of Anglo-American literary relations has more significance than appears at first sight, and is likely to have far-reaching effects in harmonizing the literary tastes of magazine readers on the two sides of the Atlantic. It will make each country better acquainted with the best of the other country's magazine writers, but it will be rough, in the long run, on the second-rate authors on both sides. The same thing has already happened with regard to books, and English novelists of the "just-good-enough" class are finding it more and more difficult to market their wares here, owing to the increasing number of American novels published in London.

NOVELS AND WRINKLES.

"Does novel reading cause wrinkles?" is the latest question agitating society damsels who go in for books. "Not from the printing press," a Bond street physician whose practice lies among the "upper ten," and who for obvious reasons wishes his identity kept secret, has recently answered this singular question. He asserts that novel-reading certainly causes wrinkles; not necessarily those of old age, but various markings of an "emotional" character. In the course of an interview he said: "Many young women cause premature wrinkles to form on their foreheads by reading exciting novels. They sit for hours, often in an imperfect light, their brows furrowed, and, if the book is a thrilling one, expressing on their faces, unconsciously, the emotions it excites."

SHOULD CONSULT MIRROR.

Asked if the reader herself could observe these "emotional lines" while engaged in the making of them, he replied: "Yes, most assuredly. I should advise every young girl," he continued, "to get up and look at her face in the glass after reading an exciting novel. She will not know herself. She will certainly look five or 10 years older than she really is."

"The newspaper reader's face is, as a rule, quite as expressive as the face of a ground train, or on other railways, notice the difference between a man reading a newspaper and that of a woman reading an exciting novel. The woman is absorbed, intent, her brows are contracted; whereas, the man's reading is evidently done with a casual, semi-critical eye. The news events are evidently not matters of life and death to him."

"What remedy would you suggest to counteract the making of wrinkles by novel reading?" "Adopt another system of reading," was the prompt reply. "Of course, people will read novels, but I strongly advise them not to read novels for hours at a stretch. Pick up a novel and read it for 10 minutes or so, then lay it rest, and then continue reading, and, above all, do not allow yourself to get too much excited by the book you are reading."

CHARLES OGDENS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 31 volumes will be added to the public library Monday morning, Dec. 14, 1908:

REFERENCE.
American History and Encyclopedia of Music, 10 vols.
Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. IV.
Oxford Dictionary, vol. VI.
Utah Gazetteer, 1908.

MISCELLANEOUS.
International Library of Technology: Sign Making, Placer Mining, Assaying, Geometrical and Ornamental Drawing, Carpenters, Gas Supply, Plumbing, Yarns, Geometry, Trigonometry, Robotics, Rays, Electricity, Magnetism, Alternative Currents.
Morga—Philippines, 2 vols.

FICTION.
Cable—Kenaid's Battery.
Orczy—Elusive Pimpernel.

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Perry—That Little Smith Girl.
Walkers—Bird, Legend and Life.
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BOOKS

The Wolf Hunters, by James Oliver Curwood, author of The Courage of Captain Plum, Illustrated by C. M. Rejzner. The Bobbs-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

The Wolf Hunters is a story for boys, but it is so pleasing to the adult reader that he does not realize—the fact not having been mentioned—that it is a juvenile until he has nearly finished the story. It is, then, only the manner in which the very slight hint of romance is managed that arouses the suspicion and finally awakens him to the fact that he has been thoroughly absorbed in a story intended for young people, and one which he realizes will be fully as interesting and absorbing to the readers for whom it is intended.

There are two reasons for this. The story is sufficiently unusual, and one is plunged into it from the beginning. Let him read one chapter, and he will not voluntarily stop until he has read them all. The plot is well woven—not too intricate—and the story marches straight forward to the end. The second is the excellent writing. It is unfortunately true that in the construction of most juvenile tales, little thought is given to anything save the story, so that this story, in its wonderful pictures of the vast stretches of the Canadian snow fields, its reproduction of the atmosphere of the frozen Northland and its excellent characterization of the very few actors in the little drama—particularly the old In-

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